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CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS.



YOU HAVE ABANDONED YOUR TRIP TO EUROPE

YOU WANT TO GET YOUR FAMILY AWAY
FROM THE COAST AND SPANISH
FLOTILLAS..... WHY NOT SEE THE
GREAT WEST....

THE CLIMATE AND ATTRACTIONS OF
CALIFORNIA ARE DELIGHTFUL
IN SUMMER..... GO THERE. OR

VISIT GLORIOUS COLORADO.
TAKE IN THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE
COLORADO RIVER IN ARIZONA.
RENEW YOUR HEALTH AT
LAS VEGAS HOT SPRINGS.
NEW MEXICO.

INQUIRE OF THE
ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE
RAILWAY AGENTS...

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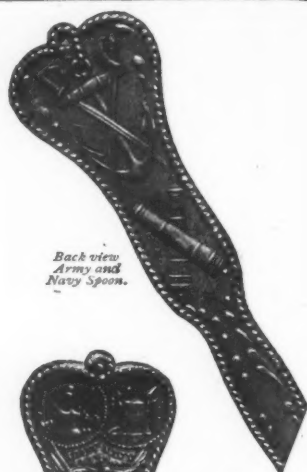
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...OR...

Life Publishing Co.

19 & 21 West 31st Street,
NEW YORK.



Back view
Army and
Navy Spoon.



Back view
Lee Spoon.



GORHAM Patriotic Spoons.

STERLING SILVER.

These spoons are full tea size, and are made in good substantial weights and are splendidly finished. The Army and Navy Spoon is designed with a view to rugged strength, as being more suited to the purpose than the usual conventional form. The outline is that of a "Galley Oar." The obverse has the Army and Navy seals placed at the top, with the American Eagle and Shield below, and the words "Army and Navy" extending down the handle. The reverse has suitable emblems of the Army and Navy. The bowls are decorated as shown in the illustrations. The obverse of the Gen. Lee Spoon has an excellent head of Gen. Lee in relief, as the principal feature of the design; below are two flags crossed, the United States and that of the Cuban Republic, with monogram "F.L." below and the words "We will Return."

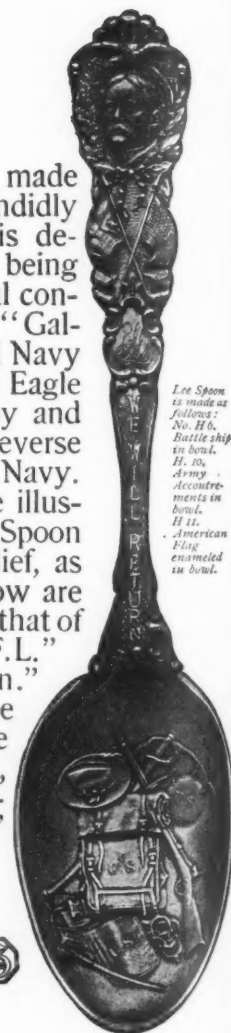
The bowls are decorated as in the illustrations. The reverse has the Coat of Arms of the Cuban Republic, surrounded by a wreath, and below the words "Cuba Libre, 1898."

GORHAM MFG. CO. Silversmiths,
Broadway and 19th St., New York.

The productions of the Gorham Company, Silversmiths, may be identified by their imprint, the lion, anchor, and G, on each piece, and they are to be had only of the representative jewelers, or at their own salesrooms.



Army and
Navy Spoon
is made as
follows:
H 7. Battle
ship in
bowl.
H 8. Army
Accoutre-
ments in
bowl.
H 9. Amer-
ican Flag
enamel in
bowl.



Lee Spoon
is made as
follows:
No. H 6.
Battle ship
in bowl.
H 10. Army
Accoutre-
ments in
bowl.
H 11. Amer-
ican Flag
enamel in
bowl.

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England,
and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can
be obtained for you by your dealer. If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands,
J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

**Capstan
Bird's Eye
Westward Ho
Three Castles
Gold Flake, etc.**



TELL-TALE

"I'M NOT VERY HANDSOME, MISS ANNA."

"WELL, MAJOR, I THINK YOUR FACE EXPRESSES A GREAT DEAL."

Not Bad News.



THE information is disclosed that Mr. William Hearst has sued Mr. Joseph Pulitzer for \$500,000 damages for printing certain alleged information insufficiently based on fact and prejudicial to Mr. Hearst's standing. The idea that Mr. Hearst's reputation could be damaged half

a million dollars' worth is one that the average mind will find itself unable to accept. Yet the news is cheering as far as it goes. The relations traditionally maintained by the cats of Kilkenny are precisely those which the general public likes best to see obtain between Joseph and William. William's vitals, however, are hard to reach. He is something like those creatures from Mars in Mr. Wells's book, and nothing but a microbe seems likely to do him up.

For the Summer Campaign.
The maiden glanced around the store
With eyes bright as the sun;
"I want a hammock, sir," she said,
"Just big enough for one."

"Yes, miss," replied the salesman, as
Across the floor he paced;
"Here's something in the size you want—
How does it suit your taste?"

She looked upon the article
That he exposed to view;
"It's much too frail," she said; "I want
It strong enough for two."

James Barrett Kirk.

"**W**HERE is your mother, Johnnie?"
"Playing golf."
"And your aunt?"
"She is out on her wheel."
"And your sister?"
"She is training for the football game."
"Then I'll see your father, please."
"He can't come down now. He is upstairs, giving the baby a bath."

AS a rule, a man's reputation is what we don't know about him.

THERE is talk of court-martialing the Rev. Madison C. Peters, Chaplain of the Ninth Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G. An inquiry into his proceedings would be entertaining, if anyone has the necessary leisure. He has a fine gift of intemperate language, and has employed it very freely in expressing his disapproval of many details of the management of the war. It is not likely that anything he has said or could say has been or could be harmful, but it is of doubtful expediency that so impulsive a person should continue to be an officer of the National Guard.



TOO REALISTIC.

The Great Dane: GIVE ANOTHER PERFORMANCE OF "HAMLET"? NEVER!

Mr. Skylark (the "angel"): WHY NOT? I'LL STAND FOR IT.

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE TAKEN FOR A MAD DOG AGAIN."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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REPORT says that Spain has low spirits, and begins to contemplate the end of the war with resignation. Whenever Spain is

ready to quit she may count on our consent. On its sporting side, the war is not very much in favor here, and there is no desire to keep it up as a means of entertainment. It has furnished us with some newspaper stories that have been lively reading, but they have been exceptional, and the quest for them has compelled us to sift daily a huge mass of chatter. War is hard work for all hands, both those personally engaged and the rest who try to keep the run of it. We may not yet have got all the instruction out of this one that it is capable of yielding. But we have got a great deal, and would be content to waive further advantages of that sort, as well as additional chances for individuals to win distinction by bold deeds. So if Spain wants to stop, here's hoping that every reasonable encouragement will be offered her.



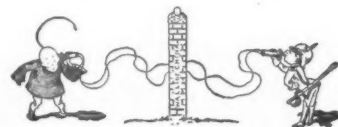
MEANWHILE, important differences of opinion obtain as to the efficiency with which our end of the war is being conducted. Mr. Poultney Bigelow has said that the care of the troops at Tampa has been scandalously negligent, and that we have shown lamentable incapacity for the formation and maintenance of armies. Mr. Bigelow has some knowledge of armies, as

well as a ready command of ink and language, and his injurious allegations have produced resentment and grief. That other diligent purveyor of military information, Mr. R. H. Davis, who seems to have viewed the same spectacles that have shocked Mr. Bigelow, has borne up better under the sight, and avers vigorously that most of Mr. Bigelow's strictures are unwarranted. The resulting dispute in the newspapers between these gentlemen has proved to be one of the liveliest engagements which the war has thus far afforded. Which of them, if either, is right, must be left to the future historian to determine, though the vigorous complaints understood to have been recently made by General Miles to the Quartermaster-General, the Commissary General and the Chief of Ordnance about the state of things at Tampa, seem to indicate that Mr. Bigelow's criticisms were based on something more substantial than the vagaries of a too lively imagination. Altogether, although we don't know very much about what is going on, we know plenty enough to make us grateful that we happen to be fighting a very weak nation.

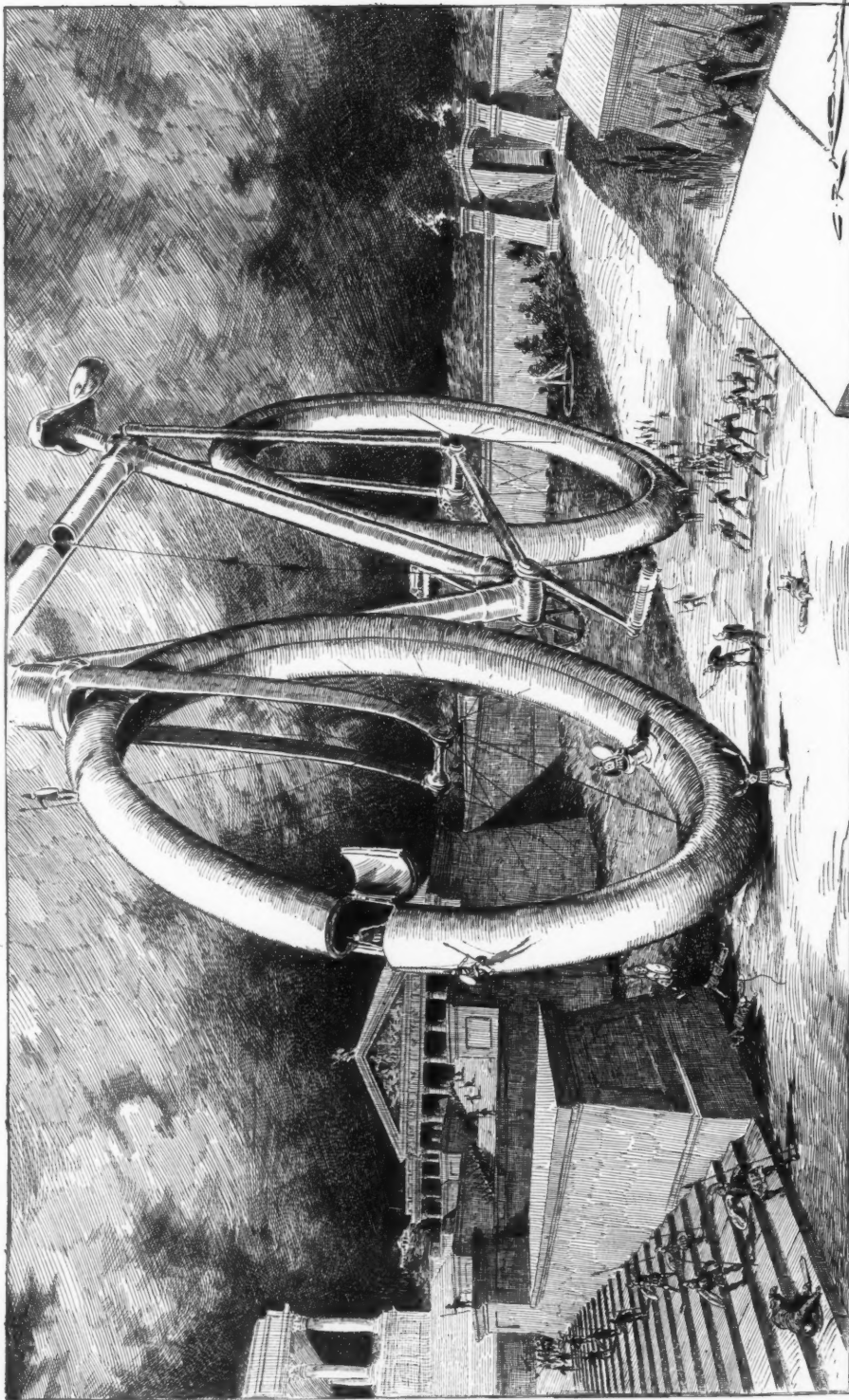


ANOTHER distressing difference which has arisen between critics of the war is that which has led Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, to reproach Professor Charles Eliot Norton for inadequate utterances. Professor Norton abhors the war and thinks it a national crime, but he thinks that the quickest way out of it now is by hard fighting, and so he calls for vigorous support of the Administration. Mr. Garrison also abhors the war, but he thinks that the right thing for men like Dr. Norton to do is go right on abhorring it like sixty, and clamor to have it stop, and so make a record for the edification of posterity, so he deals pretty sternly with Dr. Norton in the public prints. His accusations only help to illustrate how difficult are the moralities of the whole question. If he and Professor Norton, who are agreed in so many particulars, differ now as to what constitutes right conduct, what reasonable hope could there be of action relative to Cuba that would satisfy the consciences of all honest men? The country has done its

best—is doing its best, and will keep at it, however the doctors may disagree.



IN the meantime, how does the judicious reader get on in the effort to make up his mind whether he believes in an imperial policy for the United States? General Merritt has been quoted as saying, at a dinner given in his honor by the Mayor of San Francisco: "I believe in the new national policy of the United States, which looks to the acquisition of additional territory represented in outlying islands that are requisite for the development of national strength and growth." That is a statement, sufficiently explicit, of the new article of faith which knocks for admission into the national creed. If the esteemed reader is able to make up his mind conclusively about it one way or the other, he will have the advantage of the majority of his fellows, and will save himself a good deal of anxious cogitation. What the majority of us are still asking ourselves and one another, is whether there are any islands "that are requisite for the development of national strength and growth," and, if so, which they are. Is the Hawaiian group one? Is Cuba one? Is Porto Rico? Are the Philippines, the Ladrones and the Carolines requisite? The case of Hawaii may be settled before this issue of LIFE is published; the cases of most of the others seem likely to depend on circumstances and events. If it could be left to the people of the United States to say whether they wanted the Spanish West Indies and the distant Spanish islands of the Pacific, undoubtedly they would say No! But there is little prospect that the question will be put to them in that way. It is more likely to be: Under all the circumstances, and with due regard to the peace of the world and the welfare of mankind in general, must we assume control of the Spanish islands in the West Indies and the Pacific? Heaven send that the way may be made clear for us to say No! But as yet it is not so clear as we would wish to see it. The problem is complex, and will cause some of us serious wear and tear of conscience and brains before a solution is threshed out of it.



THE TAKING OF TROY.—AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Afraid.

CLERK: Do you wish your trunk sent to your room, sir?

GUEST: No, I shall not unpack it.

"Why, I thought you would be here some time."

"I will. But my wife packed that trunk, and I know if I take those things out I will never be able to get them back again."

THE difficulty which Admiral Dewey may be expected to have in identifying himself when he gets home is slightly aggravated by the action of the Western University of Pennsylvania in making him an LL.D. The seat of the University is Pittsburg, and the circumstance that that city produced the armor plate on the Admiral's ships is understood to have had its due influence in the bestowal of the degree. It cannot be doubted that the Admiral's protracted experience as

the autocrat of Manila harbor will have made him learned enough in law to do the University credit.

IT may be true, as has been reported, that Colonel Roosevelt is considering an offer of the job of understudy to the German Emperor (after the war, of course), but on the whole the story seems improbable. The Colonel's qualifications are obvious, of course, but it is not probable that Berlin life would be tolerable to him after New York and Texas.



ENTRANCE TO LIFE'S FARM.

Appreciation.

WISDOM, in his hood and gown,
Speaks the crowd, and half the town
Gapes in wonder at his word.

Then afar a sound is heard—
'Tis faint tinkling down the street.
Powerless are Wisdom's spells!

Now the crowd has gone to greet
Folly in his cap and bells.

Wood Levette Wilson.



The Published Plays of Bernard Shaw.

ANYONE who has seen Mansfield act in "Arms and the Man" will expect to find clever dialogue in the two volumes of "Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant" (Stone & Co.), by Bernard Shaw. The most amusing thing about the volumes is the cynically frank *Preface*. Under the guise of blatant egotism, Mr. Shaw tells some very wholesome truth, mixed up with grotesque exaggerations. The habit of putting stingers into the dialogue of his plays pursues him into the straightaway prose of his *Preface*, and there is a crackle of small arms all through it.

Mr. Shaw evidently believes that he is the English Ibsen. He holds that Truth has two faces, Pleasant and Unpleasant, and the latter is the truest kind of truth. "No doubt all plays which deal sincerely with humanity must wound the monstrous conceit which it is the business of romance to flatter." Mr. Shaw, therefore, proceeds

to take the conceit out of his English public. And he does it very well! He has a biting satire, and a microscopic eye for the fly in the ointment. He is after shams, and when you have finished reading one of his plays and all the shams have been demolished, there is nothing left, absolutely nothing, for the soul to feed upon. All is vanity and vexation of spirit—particularly "people with principles."

The recipe for an Ibsenized play is simple: Choose a well-accepted principle of life as held by most decent people; then show that most decent people use it as a cloak for all manner of meanness and selfishness. The result will shatter a host of illusions, and give play to dialogue that fairly sputters with epigrams.

The author is a scientific Socialist, and as such feels the weight of the world, as it is, on his shoulders. He may satirize principles in others, but has plenty of "views" for himself. He knows what he is driving at, and tells you so at the very start: "To me the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideals suggested to our imaginations by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history."

GRANT Mr. Shaw his point-of-view—and every author has a right to make it for himself—and his plays are brilliant pieces of literary work. The people reveal themselves definitely, and with rare individuality, by their speech. He uses no stage artifices of dialect, or grotesque ex-

aggeration of peculiarities, to impress them on the audience. A "character actor" would have hard work to find a part in any of these plays. Everybody speaks too frankly, too epigrammatically, too much to the point.

But is not that the very essence of literary art? A play must condense a lifetime into a few hundred lines; therefore what is spoken must be a distilled essence, and not a sample of the raw material. If a mile of landscape is to be delineated in a pen-drawing a foot square, the lines must be very fine, and each one must be drawn with consummate art—not to *copy* the reality, but to *reveal* it.

Mr. Shaw is an artist in dialogue, and it is a pleasure to read his plays, if one is at all interested in literary craftsmanship. Moreover, it has been proved that an intellectual actor can use them successfully for the ultimate purpose of all plays—stage presentation.

* * *

AN entertaining bit of war reminiscence is given in J. V. Hadley's "Seven Months a Prisoner" (Scribner). The narrative has less to do with life in prison than with the surprising adventures of a daring escape across most of the Confederacy, from Columbia, S. C., to Knoxville, Tenn., through some of the wildest parts of the mountains.

A remarkable reality is given to the many people who are met with in the course of the journey. It has the fascination of a novel of adventure, with plenty of the comedy of human nature thrown in.

Drach.



A LITTLE change, even in June, isn't so bad; not in the weather; not in appearances or terrestrial fixtures of any sort; but in ideas and plans, and reflections and discourse. This year we have plenty of it. All our June dispositions and deliverances are more or less affected by war. No one is asking what is so rare as a June day. No! At this writing, the contemporary inquiry is: What is so scarce as a Spanish squadron?

The commencement orators and poets will spout this year as always, but on what unusual themes, and whatever their themes, with what an unaccustomed ringing in of warlike and patriotic allusions! There will be college boat races and ball games as usual; but whereas they usually keep us all agog for a fortnight, this year they will only furnish items of news of secondary importance for our hurried consideration.

SUMMER plans are very generally affected. The American habit of going to Europe cannot be abated in a single season or by a single war, but this year current events have greatly affected it. The June exodus has been cut in two, and among those whose cast-iron engagements are taking them abroad are many who go disconsolate, and would rather stay at home where they can chatter war talk and get all the news.

PERSONS who have arranged for June weddings are carrying out their purposes. Weddings don't wait on wars; indeed, war seems to stimulate affection, or daring, or the love of adventure, or whatever emotions are responsible for matrimonial entanglements.

Then, too, when so much is uncertain, folks seem to like to settle such important matters as

can be settled, and so increase the supply of fixed facts that military developments cannot dislodge. So there may be as many June weddings this year as usual, in spite of the absence of a hundred and fifty thousand able-bodied men from the centres of social life.

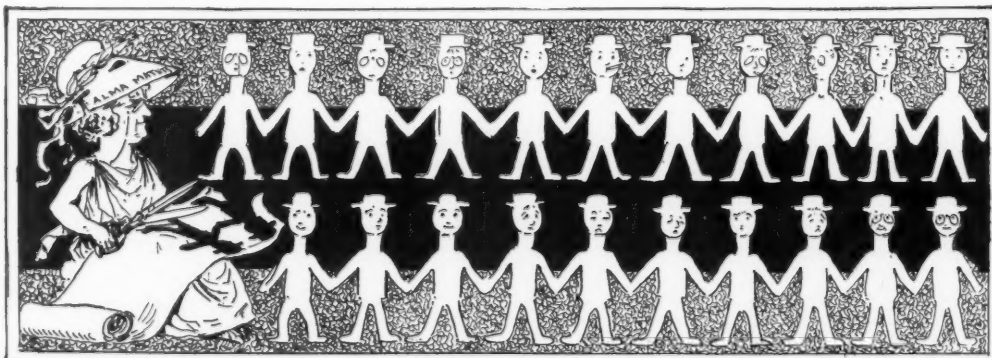
AND all this time, while the outdoor roses are blooming and the strawberries are closing their protracted season, and the grass is progressing towards the condition of being haycocks, our ships are carrying American soldiers to the far East; our cruisers are whizzing back and forth on the South Atlantic; our armies are gathering for Heaven knows what attempt on Cuba and Porto Rico; and we are sitting about, all agog with expectation. It is a memorable June. Looking ahead at it, it seems big with destinies that any week may bring to a culmination. They cannot culminate too soon for our taste. Hear us, Fate!

We would like to settle down for the summer. Turmoil too long sustained is bad for our livers. We who are going to the seashore don't want to spend the summer months in bomb-proofs; we who are going to the country don't want to read newspapers *all* the time; we who will stay in town would prefer to be able to give some attention to the duties that keep us here, we who work at our various jobs in various parts of this big country would be obliged to you if you would have this fighting over.

June is yours; use it to some purpose, so that the last commencement orators may discourse of the war that was, and the alumnates of the great army of new graduates may not be constrained to fit them all out with soldier caps.



FASHIONS FOR THE SEASIDE.



WIFE: I wanted to buy a few things, dear, so I took that check you signed down to the bank and filled it out.

"I hope you didn't overdraw my account."

"Oh, no. They wouldn't let me."

EXPERIENCE is the best teacher; but he is dreadfully unpunctual.



"HOW WILL OI IVER GIT UP THOT HILL?"

"DE SAME VAY AS I COME TOWN: CHUST FOLLER YOUR NOSE."

Albert Edward.

EVERY first-class Power should have at least one gentleman as an adjunct. That, in Great Britain, the responsibilities and duties attached to this office are fully absorbed and duly assimilated by Albert Edward, Prince-in-Waiting, no one will presume to doubt.

The early knowledge that he could always put himself up as good and sufficient collateral has enabled him to make extensive loans upon his own system, and thus the first requisites of his office have been carried out. Rapidly issuing a first mortgage in the beginning of his career, he has now a bonded indebtedness which is well calculated to bring the blush of humiliation even unto J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq., and thus what might have been the stern necessity of doing odd jobs around the palace, and making himself generally useful, has been avoided.

It must not be presumed, however, that Albert Edward is not an earnest worker, or unmindful of the grim realities of life.

While the great nation to which he belongs is preparing for war, while its statesmen are toiling over intrigues, alliances and ultimatums, Albert Edward, too, has his trials. New clothes must be ordered, new cravats must be selected, lists of invited guests must be carefully scrutinized, American girls must be entertained, social duties be attended to, and many things left unsaid.

But Albert Edward never falters, and, amid all the social and sartorial burdens thrust upon him, preserves a calm and unruffled front.



"WAITER, WHERE'S MY BREAKFAST?"

"YOU HAVE HAD YOUR STEAK, SIR. THE CAKES WILL BE UP IN A MINUTE."

"BET YOU FOUR TO ONE THE STEAK COMES UP FIRST."



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.



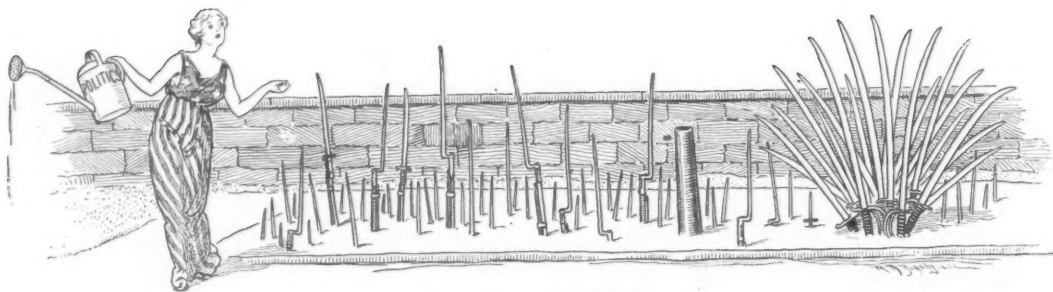
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WHAT IT LEAD

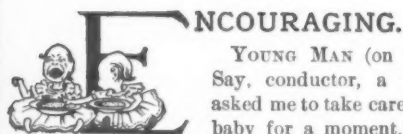
LIFE •



IT LEADS TO.



WHAT WILL THE CROP BE?

**ENCOURAGING.**

YOUNG MAN (on train): Say, conductor, a woman asked me to take care of this baby for a moment, saying she would be right back, and now they tell me she got off at the last station. O-oh, what shall I do?

CONDUCTOR: Brace up, young fellow, and don't let it worry you. Any woman who would do a thing like that isn't worth bothering about.

Womanopsis.

TO him who, in the love of Woman, holds Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has the hand of gladness, and a smile
And ice-cream hunger; and she glides
Into his pocketbook with a mild
And gentle nerve that steals away
His ducats ere he is aware.

But, when thoughts
Of the last, bitter dollar come at last,
And make one shudder and grow sick at heart,
Her soul is marble and her speech as sharp
As a Toledo (Ohio) blade.
Then go not with her, but go forth, go hence,
Unto thine own infernal resting-place.
Stay not, lest she appeal to "Father," him
Who was not killed by that historic blow,
Though almost—
For, when he kicks, thou wilt approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and steps upon a tack.

Tom Hall.

HUSBAND: That man you've invited here used to kiss you before we were married.

WIFE: So did you.

"But I've gotten over it, and he hasn't."

NO! we are not going to be caught this way again. After we have finished with Spain, and nailed General Weyler's hide to the barn door, we are going to make due preparations for future events. Besides contracting for a supplementary navy, we must lay in war supplies. We ought to have in moth-proof storage at least a hundred thousand fur suits, in case we should need to invade Canada or Siberia, or should have a dispute with Sweden about priority of discovery at the North Pole. And we shall need an immense supply of linen dusters and breech-clouts for possible operations in future in the Philippines

and Indies, and plenty of temperate zone clothing in case we clash with Europeans. Those stories of our men sweltering in woolen clothes at Tampa have not been good reading. We don't want that to happen again. If we are liable to intervene anywhere between Cape Horn and the Yukon River, we must at least keep proper uniforms in stock.

Too Much.

"I DON'T think they should marry, there is such a disparity between their ages."

"Why, when was he born?"

"On the same day she was."



THERE WERE HEROES IN THOSE DAYS ALSO.

Ignorance.

THREE angels sat in the moonlight glow

On a grave that was freshly green.
One came from above, one came from below,
And one from the place between.

And one of them said, as the granite shone
In the light that the good moon sheds:
"I wonder just what is beneath this stone?"
But the other two shook their heads.

guns and ammunition; and the Dey, relying upon the statement, immediately renewed hostilities, and while our navy was engaged with England he lost no means of making it unpleasant for us.

When, therefore, in the summer of 1815, the American squadron appeared before Algiers, and with it three vessels—the *Guerrière*, the *Cyane* and the *Epervier*—which had been captured from England and now waved the American flag, that potentate

peared with another squadron in the Mediterranean and emphasize our attitude toward the three rulers, this practically settled the matter, and the presence of a small squadron was enough to keep peace with these barbarians.

1815—1861.

FROM the close of the second war with England to the civil war, our navy was engaged in many minor exploits in



Destruction of Confederate Privateer *Petrel* by the *St. Lawrence*.

Our Flag Afloat.

YARD-ARM HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

By Midshipman Martinspike.

VIII.

ONCE MORE THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

THE British Minister had informed the Dey of Algiers that the American Navy, which had proved so disastrous to his country's piratical aspirations, would be swept off the ocean by John Bull in the second war for our independence. John Bull had, furthermore, assisted the Dey in acquiring an effective navy, by sending him

was greatly surprised. When, also, he was informed that the Algerian flagship, the *Mashonda*, and another vessel, had already been captured by the Americans only a few days before, his surprise grew.

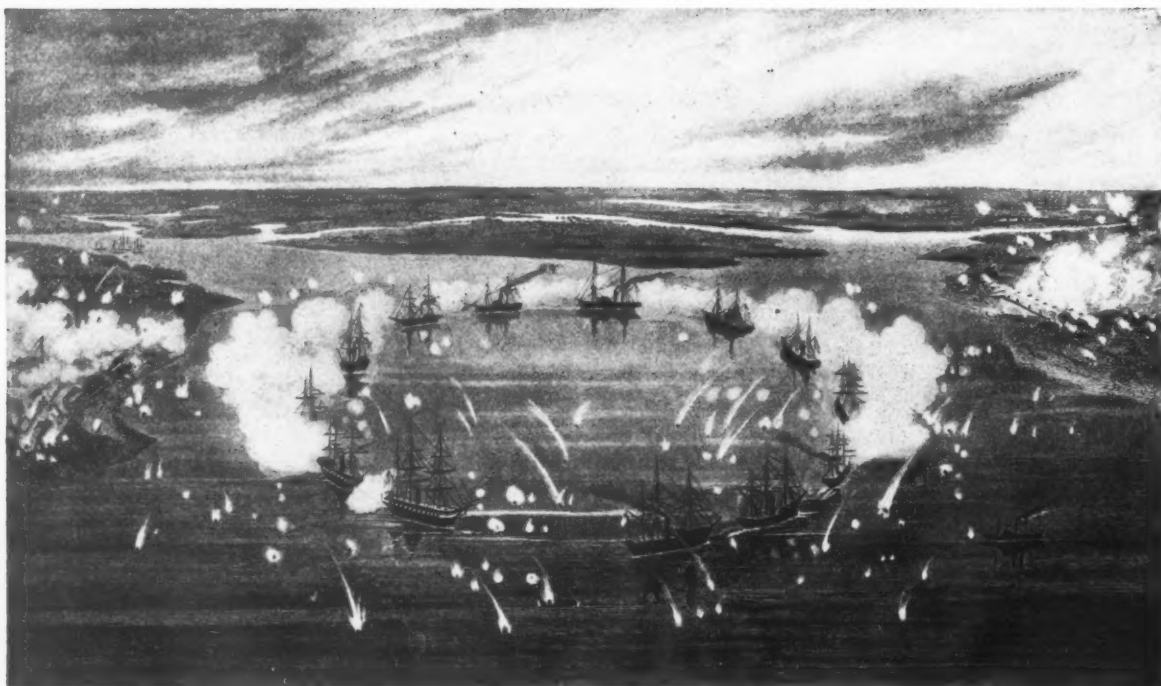
Likewise, when he was notified by Captain Stephen Decatur that all the other vessels in his navy might also be captured and Algiers itself subjected to much unpleasantness, his surprise knew no bounds. He immediately flunked, and agreed to everything that Decatur demanded.

Decatur then appeared before Tunis and Tripoli and accomplished the same result, and although shortly afterward it became necessary for Oliver Hazard Perry to ap-

pear with another squadron in the Mediterranean and emphasize our attitude toward the three rulers, this practically settled the matter, and the presence of a small squadron was enough to keep peace with these barbarians.

various parts of the world, and there were many brilliant instances of bravery recorded. In the extermination of the pirates from the waters around the West Indies (1821-1825)—where our ships are now engaged in hunting Matanzas mules, and incidentally trying to locate Spanish squadrons—the young Farragut received much of his naval experience. In 1832 an effective lesson was given to the Malay town of Qualla Battoo, Sumatra, for treachery to one of our merchant vessels, and during the war with Mexico our vessels did most desirable work on the Pacific coast and the coast of Mexico.

Then, in 1853-4, occurred a triumph of



Bombardment of Port Royal.

diplomacy which could have only been so well done by an American naval officer. Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry appeared at Tokio, Japan, with a squadron, and succeeded by immense tact in opening Japan to our trade. The Japanese had hitherto remained obstinate in their exclusion, but to Commodore Perry's successful overtures they yielded, and the friendliness of that country to the United States to this day may be traced to the astute Perry.

After this the navy was principally occupied in scientific expeditions, and had a long breathing spell, until it was called into service to fight some of the members of its own family.

THE CIVIL WAR.

THIS conflict takes us away from the open sea, and we leave those stirring encounters between frigates on the broad ocean, and have instead a continuous four-year effort on the part of the North to establish a blockade of the entire Atlantic and Gulf coast and the command of the Mississippi, and on the other side a continuous effort to prevent this from taking place. It did take place, however, as everyone knows, and the navy, in accomplishing this result, made it possible for the United States Constitution to continue to be issued in one volume and not two, as Jeff Davis fondly hoped.

There were some battles on the ocean, however, between Confederate privateers and National cruisers, most of them proving disastrous to the former. Early in 1861 the *Savannah* and the *Petrel* were sent out by the Confederacy to do what harm they could, but they both speedily met with the same fate. The *Savannah* ran across the United States brig *Perry* and took her for a merchant vessel. She was captured and her crew held as pirates, but afterward paroled as prisoners of war.

In July, 1861, the *Petrel* was ordered to sea by the Confederate Government, and soon sighted a strange sail, which happened to be the United States frigate *St. Lawrence*.

The Captain of the *St. Lawrence*, however, had taken the precaution to disguise his vessel as a merchantman, an old trick in our navy, and one which the Captain of the *Petrel* should have seen through. Believing her to be a rich prize, he ran up close, and when within range he was about to take an easy capture, when suddenly the appearance of the *St. Lawrence* changed. Her ports opened and three guns were let go. The *Petrel* was struck by an eight-inch shell and a thirty-two-pound shot, and in a few moments she was a total wreck and rapidly sank. These experiences made the privateers more careful.

PORT ROYAL.

THE object of the North was to gradually blockade all the Southern ports and prevent English blockade vessels from entering with supplies, and to accomplish this all the available vessels in the navy were brought into play. When the war opened this navy was scattered all over the world, and the most extraordinary efforts were made to get every available vessel in fighting trim. Even ferryboats were utilized, and some of them did good service.

Among the first things done was to capture the two forts at the entrance of Hatteras inlet (July, 1861), and in October a powerful force sailed down the coast to reduce Port Royal.

When Commodore Dewey recently made things so warm for the Spaniards in Manila Bay he adopted about the same tactics as were used at Port Royal, and it is not impossible that he may have learned something from Port Royal to aid him in his recent manœuvres.

Commodore S. F. Dupont, who commanded the squadron that took Port Royal, arranged his ships at first in a straight line, and steaming past Fort Beauregard to his right, he turned beyond, and, describing a circle, came back past Fort Walker, his ships following, keeping this up until both forts surrendered.

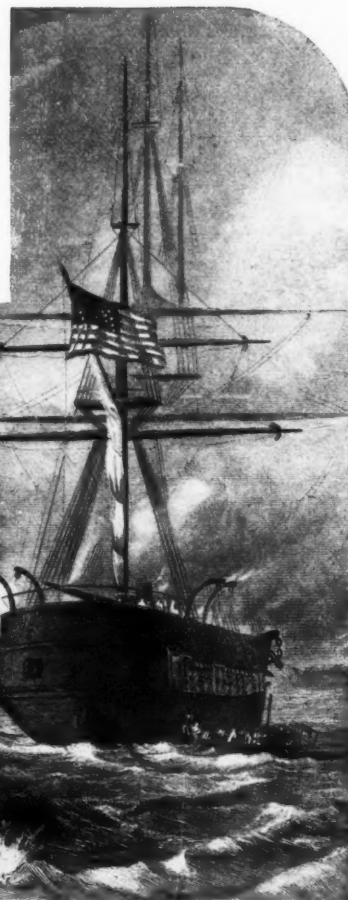
This was a glorious victory, and the North cheered up; but in a few months more the Union was confronted by a formidable monster, and despondency reigned throughout the Northern States, until there occurred the famous battle between

THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC."

IN April, 1861, the United States vessels at the Norfolk Navy Yard had been destroyed to prevent their capture by the Confederates, and among these was the

Prejudice.

WHEN the gods allotted certain gifts to men they withheld prejudice, because it already existed. Prejudice begins in the blood where it groups the corpuses, and it moves outward to society, which is prejudice. Prejudice is skepticism, sectarianism, and the ground between. It is love, hate, God, and the Devil. A rolling stone would not roll if it had no excuse for rolling, hence this is prejudice, and the moss on the still stone is likewise preju-



Action between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*.

steam frigate *Merrimac*. She was raised, however, by the Confederates, and constructed into the terrible engine of destruction that created so much havoc on March 8, 1862, and threatened to destroy every Union vessel in the harbor.

The government, however, had not been idle, and by a fortunate circumstance the *Monitor*, just launched, was ready the next morning to meet the *Merrimac*. The result of this battle is too well known to be told again, but it may be remarked that the crew of the *Monitor*, as she lay in the trough of the sea the day before her safe arrival at Hampton Roads, little knew that the strange craft they were almost suffocated in would revolutionize the navies of the world. Our modern battleships are merely improved monitors.

(To be concluded.)

THE well-bred man may be selfish, but never in little things.

dice. A man with an idea is prejudiced, and a man without one is prejudiced, because he hasn't got one. A jury's verdict is prejudice combined, and a disagreement is prejudice divided against itself. The air we breathe is prejudiced, because it enters of its own accord. Life is prejudice of man for earth. We drink in prejudice at birth, and add to what we already have.

REPORT says that there is an ample coal supply (5,000 tons) at Santiago de Cuba with which Admiral Cervera may replenish his bunkers. It does not appear what use the Admiral can have for so much fuel. Winter is still far off, and even in winter the climate of Santiago is mild, while in summer Santiago harbor is bound to be a hot

place. A very moderate amount of coal will serve to cook the food for the Admiral's men, and that he will need any considerable amount for purposes of making steam doesn't seem likely.



"COMING THRO' THE RYE."



"Must you go, Gerald?" said the young woman, with tremulous lips.

"I must, darling!" answered Gerald Pankey, straining her to his heart again. "The voice of my country calls. I obey."

"Oh, Gerald, it will break my heart!"

"No," said the young man, after some reflection, "it will not. I shall write to you every day, you know."

A mournful silence fell upon them, and she listened mechanically to the ticking of his watch, directly beneath her ear. Even as she listened, however, a sound from the distance broke faintly upon the other ear.

It was the crowing of a cock.

The youth roused himself.

"Claribel," he said, "I did not know it was so late. It is time for me to leave you. I must snatch a few hours of sleep ere I take my departure to participate in the deadly conflict whose issue, while it cannot be a matter of uncertainty so far as the final triumph of American arms is concerned, is yet so fraught with peril to the individual, who becomes a mere unit in the conquering army, and loses thereby his identity, as it were—"

"Oh, Gerald, I don't like to hear you talk that way! I cannot endure it!"

"I find it something of an effort myself," admitted the young militiaman. "I will harrow up your feelings no longer. Claribel, dearest, good-by!"

How slowly the days, with their weary burden of waiting and of suffering, dragged themselves into the past!

True to his promise, Gerald Pankey wrote to Claribel Nickelhurst daily—for three days.

Then a day passed without a letter.

On the evening of the fifth day there was a ring at the doorbell of the Nickelhurst dwelling.

Filled with dread, and anticipating a telegram conveying the news that something terrible had happened to her absent lover, Claribel answered the bell herself.

"Gerald!"

"Claribel!"

When the violence of their emotions had exhausted itself, and they sat, hand in hand, in the dimly lighted parlor, she said:

"It was too hard to stay away from me, was it, love? And you got a leave of absence for a day, so you could come and see me once more, did you?"

And she smoothed the hair away from his forehead, and looked into his eyes with a yearning fondness that had almost something motherly in it.

"It isn't that, dearest," he answered. "The surgeons rejected me."

"Rejected you!" she exclaimed, in a voice in which indignation, surprise and joy seemed to struggle for mastery. "What for?"

"Because I smoke these things, darling," he replied.

Hereupon Gerald took from an inner pocket a small, oblong, pasteboard box, extracted something therefrom, lit it, and proceeded to fill the room with that peccant, morbid, utterly insupportable and wholly indescribable stench that accompanies the burning of a coffin nail.

—Chicago Tribune.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Times:

The accompanying little story was sent to me by a niece in the West, and was written by a little boy in Denver, one of a class of children six or eight years old, who had been re-

quested by their teacher to write a story, they to select a subject, and their compositions not to be subject to revision by the teacher, but to be read before the children's parents exactly as written.

Yours truly, C. J. PRICE.

1004 Walnut Street.

VIRTUE HAS ITS OWN REWARD.

A poor young man fell in love with the daughter of a rich lady who kept a candy shop. The poor young man could not marry the rich candy lady's daughter because he had not money enough to buy furniture. A wicked man offered to give the young man twenty-five dollars if he would become a drunkard. The young man wanted the money very much so he could marry the rich candy lady's daughter, but when he got to the saloon he turned to the wicked man and said: "I will not become a drunkard even for great riches. Get thee behind me Satan." On his way home he found a pocketbook containing a million dollars in gold. Then the young lady consented to marry him.

They had a beautiful wedding, and the next day they had twins. Thus you see that "virtue has its own reward."

—Philadelphia Times.

"We can't annex Hawaii," said the man who learns things by heart to repeat as arguments. "It's true, Americans have many interests there. But think of the immense population that does not speak our language nor fully comprehend our institutions."

"Oh," rejoined the cynical friend, "that doesn't make any difference. Look at the ease with which the country has managed to get along with Manhattan Island."

—Washington Star.

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Mrs. ALEXANDER B. BATES arrived a few days ago from Old Point Comfort, and is visiting her cousin, I. H. Smith, at Callow Avenue. Mrs. Bates tells a good one about her son, a little red-haired chap of six summers. Her husband, Chief Engineer Bates of the battleship *Texas*, now with Commodore Schley's Flying Squadron, had arranged for his wife and child to go aboard at the last moment before leaving. Notice of the departure was to be given by the signal of a gun, which all ashore awaited expectantly. Suddenly the report came, and found Mrs. Bates and Jack unprepared. All was hurry and bustle at the Hotel Chamberlin, for only a half-hour was given visitors to say good-by.

Mrs. Bates, with the hurry and rush necessary, soon prepared herself. Then she saw that Jack was half-dressed. "Oh, pray, Jack, do hurry, or we may never see your father again." Jack (whose education had been derived partly from some little darky children and who had the Manila fight in mind) replied with a long-drawn-out drawl:

"Don't worry, mamma; the Spaniards can't hit a d— thing."—*Baltimore Sun*.

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A CERTAIN wealthy man of this city has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks some thing essential to success in the mercantile line, and failed with each effort. When he came with the fourth request for financial backing, the uncle demurred.

"You must learn to lean on yourself," he said. "I can't carry you all your life. It would be an unkindness in me to keep supplying you with money to carry on enterprises that invariably end in assignment. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe a good deal as the result of that last failure. Pitch in on your own hook and go it alone till you pay those debts off. When you've done that I'll give you a check for all they amount to. Such an experience would do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Three months later the nephew walked in with every claim receipted in full, and the uncle was delighted as he gave the promised check.

"That's something like it, now, and I warrant you feel all the better for the hard training. How did you manage, Tom?"

"Borrowed the money, uncle."

Now the old gentleman is telling about that there is the making of a great financier in his nephew.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

A TEDIOUS preacher had preached the assize sermon before Lord Yelverton. He came down, smiling, to his lordship after the service, and, expecting congratulations on his effort, asked, "Well, my lord, how did you like the sermon?" "Oh, most wonderfully," replied Yelverton; "it was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding; and, like His mercy, I thought it would have endured forever."

—*Green Bag*.

Mrs. WACKUM: How did that naughty boy of yours hurt himself?

Mrs. SNAPPER: That good little boy of yours hit him on the head with a brick.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

AN uptown man who is the father of a year old youngster met his pastor on Broad Street the other Sunday afternoon.

"Why weren't you at church this morning?" was the first question of the spiritual adviser.

"I couldn't come," was the answer. "I had to stay home and mind the baby; our nurse is sick."

"That is no excuse," said the pastor.

"It isn't, hey? Well, next Sunday I'll bring him to church with me and see how you like it."

—*Philadelphia Call*.

"THE other day," says the *Denver News*, "a Denver girl kissed a soldier good-by at the depot, with the remark: 'God bless you, stand up for Colorado.' Between his sobs he replied: 'I am from Nebraska, but I'll try to stand up for both States now.' Thereupon she kissed him again for Nebraska."

Why didn't he tell her that he would try to stand up for all the States and Territories?—*New York Tribune*.

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"It begins well, but wanders from the path of interest, and steadily increases in idiosyncrasy after the fourth chapter. In addition to its general inanity, the story is sloppily written, and one wonders how such a firm as the Scribners ever published it."

—*San Francisco Call*.

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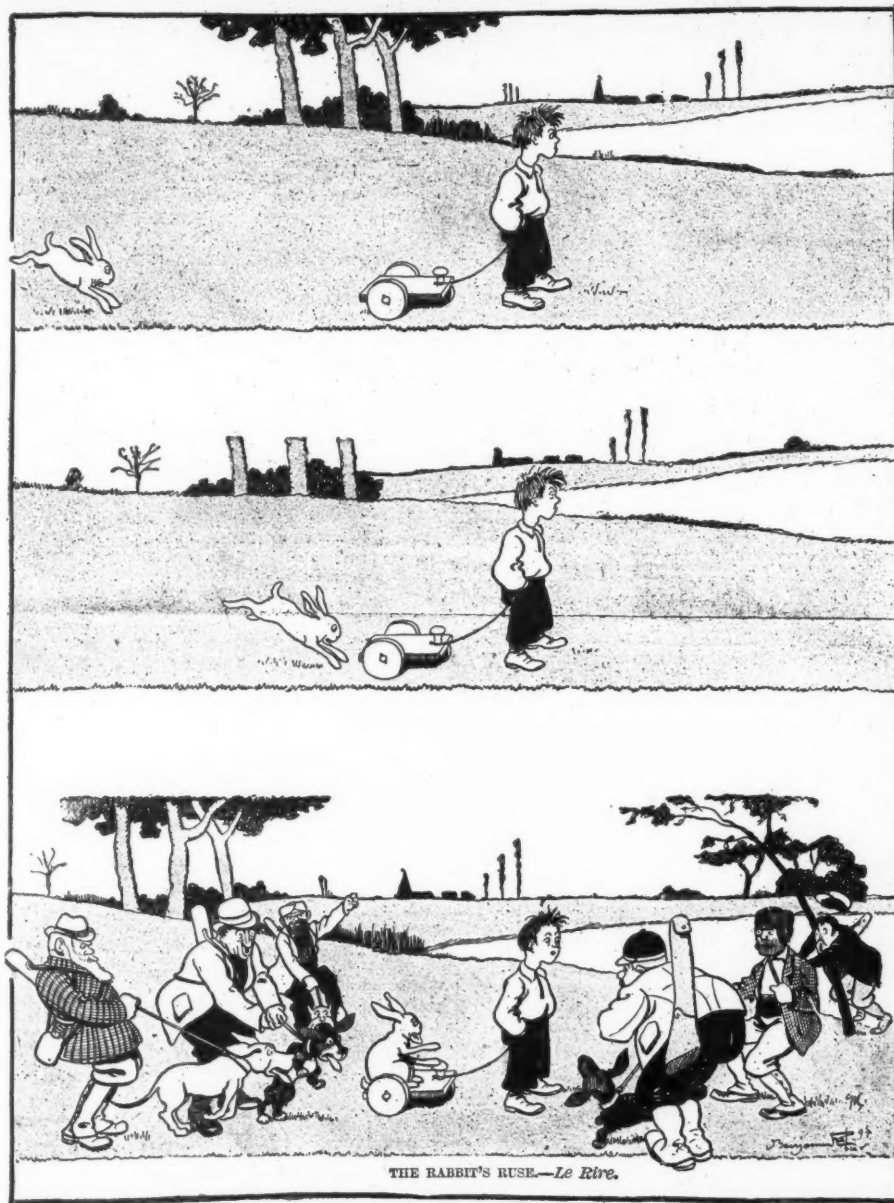


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TAKING POSSESSION OF THE PHILIPPINES BY UNCLE SAM.—Humoristische Blätter, Vienna.

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